

Puck

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# Puck

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AN OLD IMPOSITION.

CONDUCTOR CLEVELAND.—That fellow can't ride free any longer, Ma'am — he's big enough to pay for himself!



**PUCK,**  
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Editor - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, November 15th, 1893.—No. 871.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

CONCERNING  
TWO "BRUTAL"  
SPORTS.

WE WERE about to charge a big part of the public with hypocrisy, but reflection has made us reduce the charge to inconsistency. We refer to the popular attitude toward boxing-matches and foot-ball. Here are two forms of physical contest demanding not only the best development of the body, but a certain amount of head-work that is called "science." Each appeals strongly to all classes, and always will so long as man is made of flesh and blood and bone. Yet, people who enjoy foot-ball will say of boxing: "But it is so brutal!" And that is inconsistent. Any one who is familiar with the two sports must admit that boxing is more humane; is, in fact, a gentler sport than foot-ball. In foot-ball, eleven men must make a way through eleven other men, and the science of the game consists in devising plans for applying brute force to that end. And, when the player is "downed" is he protected until he regains his feet, as the boxer is? Well, hardly! Then, while running at full speed, the foot-ball player is "tackled"—that is, he is thrown violently to the ground. The long and short of it is that in every foot-ball game there is a species of brutality that would be as novel and out of place in a boxing-match as it would be in a game of chess. There is another objection made to boxing: "The associations are bad!" This idea is largely due to the ignorance or dishonesty of a certain kind of newspaper of dubious virtue, which gives an excellent account of foot-ball matches, but refers to a boxing-match as "a blot upon our fair city's fame," and to the men who see it as "ruffians, cut-throats and pickpockets." To those who have been led to believe this sort of rot, we take pleasure in saying that the men who fill Madison Square Garden or the Coney Island Athletic Club to see a boxing-match, are the same men who go out to Manhattan Field to see a foot-ball match. They are every whit as respectable and orderly. They know as little about cutting throats as they do about picking pockets, and they would very likely make a botch of either job. It would be just as reasonable to describe the foot-ball crowd as "a gang of ruffians and pickpockets." Again, the plea is made that boxing-contests breed lawlessness. Well, please compare carefully the behavior of a crowd of eight thousand people coming out of Madison Square Garden after a boxing-show, with the behavior of the crowd in New York after a Yale-Princeton game of foot-ball. And you can easily remember, can you not, the behavior of the foot-ball enthusiasts in past years? A drunken and disorderly mob has infested the streets, to the disgust and inconvenience of all who dared venture out. This year the authorities have been warned to make extra preparations to handle such offenders; yet this is foot-ball and not prize-fighting, and you are ready to make allowances for the drunkenness and ruffianism. We are not trying to defend prize-fighting. We believe there are many things in life more elevating. We simply insist that you who condemn boxing-matches and uphold foot-ball as a noble sport are inconsistent, and you can not suppress one unless you suppress both. Furthermore, while you may be only inconsistent, you are making a lot of hypocrites out of decent people, so long as yours is the general opinion. A contest between two eminent exponents of pugilism was recently declared off in Brooklyn, in order that the Democratic machine might give *éclat* to its virtue. Now, that the election is over, every effort will be made to bring about the fight as originally planned. But it is your inconsistency that has made that deceit necessary, for the man who likes to watch a boxing-match knows he is all right, so long as you, who claim to be his superior in morals, countenance a sport in every way as objectionable. And if you persist in this inconsistency you will come dangerously near hypocrisy yourself.

AS TO THE  
LATE CAMPAIGN.

No campaign of recent years has been more valuable than the one just closed, as an object-lesson illustrating the iniquity of the spoils-system. Take either of the two principal issues of the campaign—the fight for municipal honesty in Brooklyn, or the fight for the honor of the Court of Appeals—and we find that it has originally been precipitated by the corruption of this vile system of trading in offices. Judge Maynard's abilities in the line of "stealing back" would never have been called into activity if he had not learned his politics in the school of office-grabbing. He forgot that he was a public officer, bound to obey the will of the people, because he remembered, first, that he was bound to serve his party in its business of getting offices. The case is the same in Brooklyn. Mr. Boody's fight has been simply a fight for office. He never represented a principle

of any sort—unless you might call him the incarnation of the spoils-system. And so generally has that system diseased our entire scheme of municipal politics that, had Mr. Boody's opponent been elected by nine votes out of ten in Brooklyn, it could not furnish any greater guaranty of Brooklyn's relief from her ills than is given by the undoubted good intentions of one honest man practically helpless in a continual futile struggle with other office-holders in the employ of the city. We saw what that state of things was when Mr. Hewitt was Mayor of New York. The record of his activity in that position is wholly comprised in a beautiful collection of well-written letters which absolutely failed to accomplish anything and which might just as well have been written by "Veritas" or "Constant Reader." The fight for good government does not mean a Fall campaign against an individual Boody or an individual Maynard. It means a long, steady, thoughtfully carried out struggle for the utter and complete extinction of the spoils-system.

CONCERNING  
THE OVERTHROW.

This November landslide means, most of it, that the people have had a hard Summer, and feel pretty sore about it, and have taken it out of the party in power. Of course it is most clearly to be argued that the party in power, not having taken any partisan measures, is hardly to be held responsible for things having gone wrong financially. But most voters decline to reason too far back on election day. It would be a very convenient thing for public law-makers if people who vote this way would only put an explanation in the box with their votes to tell just how they expect better times to be brought about. But they don't do it, and many is the good, honest legislator who has had to sit down on the air, as our German friends say, for no better reason than that the wheat market was dull. Of course, in one or two states there were special reasons for the turnover. The arrogance of the leaders of the Democratic party did for New York and New Jersey, and well deserved was their downfall. In New York State the attempt to perpetuate shamelessly bad government in Brooklyn, and the attempt to put a discredited Judge on the bench of the Court of Appeals, were quite enough to awaken the wrath of the people. In New Jersey the infamous prostitution of the legislature to the foul purposes of the race-track gamblers was the exciting cause. The vote there is simply the protest of peaceful communities ruined, despoiled and terrorized by the "followers" of the races. But for the other states—well, we have had the hard times that Mr. Cleveland and PUCK predicted as a sure result of Republican protective legislation; and now that the hard times have come, the prophet is "tumped."

BLESSINGS OF GRIEVANCE COMMITTEES.

WIFE.—What are you on strike for, now?

HUSBAND.—I don't know. I didn't go to the last meeting. But I must have some grievance that I had n't noticed, or I would n't have been ordered out.



AN ELECTION ECHO.

MR. HEALY.—Wot 's der matter, Keegan? Yer looks mad.

MR. KEEGAN.—Why should n't I? Croker's goin' to gimme de turn-down, 'cause I lost me district. How could I help it? Der Reform Club held der balance of power, and at der last minit der Pure Politics Phalanx come down and overbid me a dollar a vote!



#### A DIFFERENCE.

MRS. SAUERS.—I don't consider marriage a lottery. Do you?

MR. SAUERS.—No! If a man draws a blank in a lottery, he can tear it up and take another chance.

#### OVERDOING IT.

REGGY.—You have a rosebud mouth, Miss Ada.  
MISS ADA.—Oh, you flatter me!

REGGY (*straining himself*).—No, really, I assure you; a regular American Beauty!

#### MOST DECIDEDLY.

JINKS.—I don't believe that a critic reads half of the author's book he criticises.

BINKS.—The author is more considerate. He reads every word of the critic's criticism.

THE INTRINSIC value of a present should never be considered by the recipient; but, nevertheless, there is generally an excellent opportunity for the giver to use good judgement in regard to removing the cost-mark.



#### GETTING RID OF AN ANNOYANCE.

FRAYED FAGIN.—Lady, will you kindly give me a little Rough-on-rats on a small piece of bread?

MRS. HUMSTED (*in alarm*).—Laws, man! You ain't so low that you want to commit suicide, be ye?

FRAYED FAGIN.—No, lady; but there's bin a mouse in the linin' of my coat for more 'n a week, and I want to get rid of it.

#### OL' NUTMEG'S SAYINGS.

It's a good plan when yeou're buildin' a high fence to keep yeour neighbor's cattle out, to make it low enough tew keep in yeour own pigs an' sheep.

A big idee kin be put on a mighty small scrap uv paper; but one kin often see a small idee spread over twenty odd newspaper kolumns.

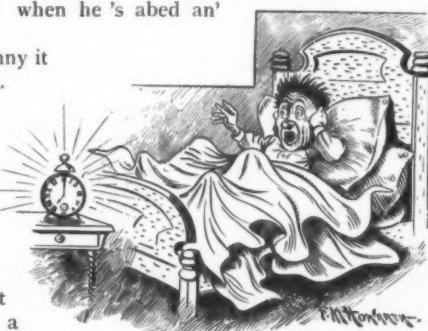
There are tew places where a feller likes tew put in overtime free gratis: when he's abed an' when he's courtin'.

When a man is reely funny it's when he ain't tryin' tew be.

What a woman lacks in the art uv firin' a stun she makes up in the art uv firin' a feller's ambition.

Give a cat all she wants tew eat an' yeou'll keep her mind of 'n stealin'.

It's a plaguey sight easier tew forgit that yeou've borrowed a dollar than it is that yeou've lent one.



"AN EYE-OPENER."

#### REFORM.

JEKYLL.—I see Murphy, the saloon-keeper, has brought suit against Keilly for a bar bill he's been owing for over a year.

HYDE.—Yes; ever since he reformed.

#### THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE.

COHEN.—Oh, dot moy of mine gif me so much droubles; he vos crazy to go on der stage!

ROSENHEIM.—Vants to be dot Romeo undt Chew-llette, eh?

COHEN.—Ach, it vos vorse den dot; he vants to be von of dose Irish gomedians!

THE GREAT trouble with the budding genius is that he is usually nipped in the bud.

THE TROUBLE with the love of a bonnet is the hate of a bill.

INVENTOR.—Well, I think my fortune's made if I succeed in what I'm at now.

FRIEND.—What are you trying to invent?

INVENTOR.—A non-explosive, unloaded pistol.

## THE MATTER WITH IT.

HOON.—Look here, Waters! I don't care for any more milk like that you left yesterday morning. It was altogether too cynical to suit my taste.

WATERS (*the milkman*).—Cynical? What do you mean?

HOON.—It seemed to have been prematurely soured.

## THE WAY TO REPRESS IT.

STRANGER (*in the Sunny South*).—I hear that the citizens of this place have resolved to allow the law to take its course in every case hereafter, and any attempts at lynching will be severely repressed.

COLONEL GORE.—Yes, sah; we ah tiahed of this lawlessness, sah; and anybody that attempts to do any lynching around heah, sah, will be taken out and hung!

## IN THE VERNACULAR.

PASSING STRANGER (*on the East Side*).—Why, what's all the commotion about?

RAGGED LITTLE GIRL.—De p'leeceman 's jist took a drunken lady to de station-house.

## SANS REPROCHE.

LORD DE LIVERUS (*proudly*).—And the escutcheon of my family has always remained untarnished.

MR. HOGABOOM (*of Chicago*).—You don't say! It would pretty soon get black in Chicago. I suppose you have the hired girl polish her up every morning.

## CORROBORATIVE EVIDENCE.

TOM.—There were a dozen men at the dinner last night, and every one of them got drunk, except the man who told me about it.

DICK.—And who was he?

TOM.—Oh, I heard it from each one of them.

## ARRANGING DETAILS.

RINGMASTER.—Who's that making such an infernal racket by the snake case?

CHORE-BOY.—Oh, jes' de snake-charmer!

RINGMASTER.—Well, what the deuce is the matter with her?

CHORE-BOY.—Oh, nothin' much, 'cept she and de boss is disputin' about what 'ospital she's ter go ter when de bo' constictus bites her dis afternoon!

THE PEOPLE who are now rushing to Florida to get warm will be rushing away from New York to get cool, just as soon as New York becomes as warm as Florida.



"They do be good an' hot, too."



## VERY RESERVED.

MR. LOVETT (*an accepted suitor*).—Here, Willy; I want to ask you something on the quiet. When your sister was at the seashore this Summer, did she keep the young men at a distance?

WILLY.—You bet she did! Why, she'd take 'em way, 'way down the beach, and keep 'em there till meal-time!

## A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

SHE (*before Dauber's last masterpiece, "Gettysburg"*).—I wonder, Mr. Dauber, if a battle really is as awful as it is pictured?

## A CLEAR FIELD.

POET (*enthusiastically*).—Yes; I say with one of old, "Let me write the songs of a nation, and I care not who makes their laws."

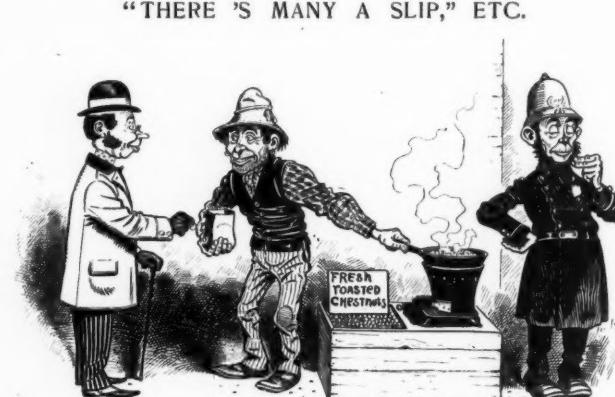
PRACTICAL FRIEND.—Well, who's hindering you?

## FAMILY PRIDE.

LITTLE GEORGIE CRACKER (*proudly*).—We un's owns sixteen houn's.

LITTLE CLAY EETER, JR. (*triumphantly*).—But we uns has two droves of hogs, an' our gran'pap wuz tarred an' feathered!

COLD WEATHER does n't seem to nip the society bud.

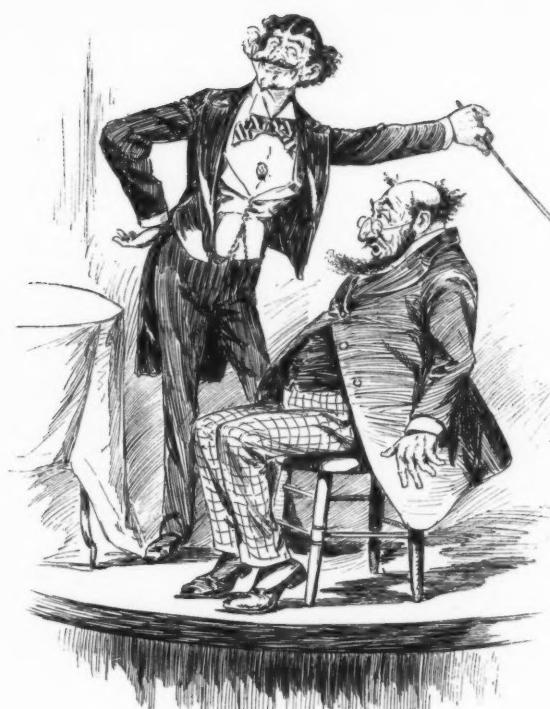


POLICEMAN FOGARTY.—It's jist about my toime fer a few roasted chisnuts!



"——! —! \* \* ? \* \* —!"

A WATERLOO FOR SCIENCE.



PROFESSOR HYPNO.—Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, I have placed the subject in a state of utter oblivion. His mind is a blank;—he is aware of nothing. I will—



THE SUBJECT.—Vat a loafly tiamont!

TRANSMITTING HIS ORDER.

He entered the restaurant with the air of a man of elegant leisure, declined to take the seat which the head-waiter indicated; but, after a survey of the room, chose one which suited him. He sat down, smoothed his napkin across his knee, adjusted his eye-glasses, and carefully read the bill-of-fare from beginning to end. Then he glanced toward the waiter, who stood silent at his elbow, and by that sign indicated his readiness to give his order. The waiter slightly inclined his right ear, and the diner said:

"You may get me a slice of nice ham, neither too thick nor too thin, very little fat on it, and broiled over a charcoal fire. Also give me two eggs, new laid, fried in butter, on one side only. Be very particular to get them prepared properly."

The waiter strode haughtily away to the kitchen and yelled to the cook:

"Ham and!"

THE SKEENE WAS DRAMATIC CLUB.

"So you attended some private theatricals while you were over in New Jersey, did you?"

"Yes."

"Rather amateurish, of course?"

"Yes. The curtain rose on a Fifth Avenue breakfast scene wherein the people ate olives with a nut-cracker."

TAKING THE AGENT DOWN.

"This book," said the agent, "will cost you one dollar."

"I'll bet you it won't," said Dixon.

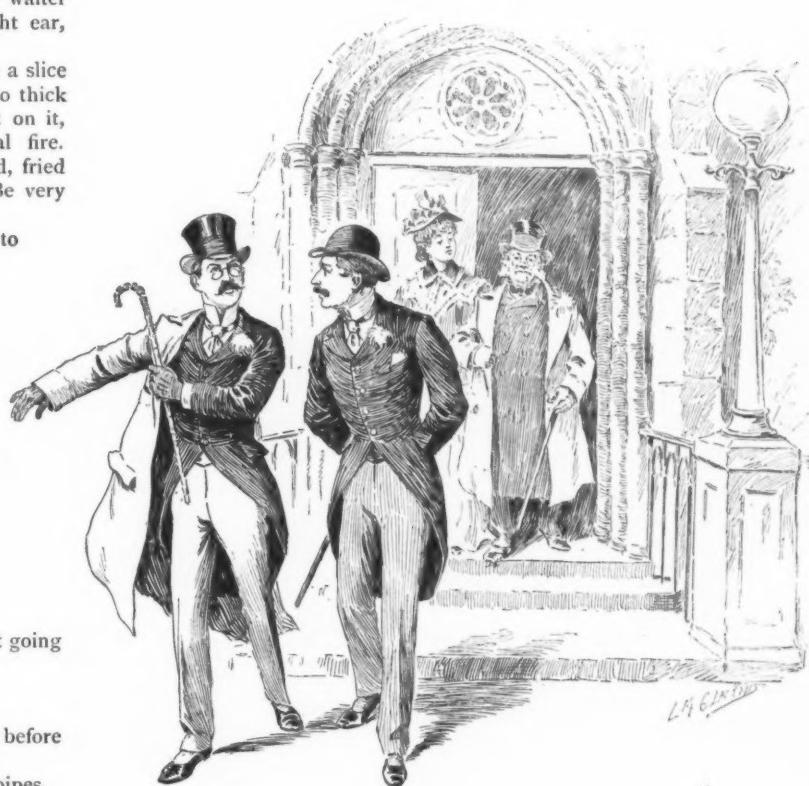
"You can't get it for less."

"That may be; but it won't cost me a dollar, because I'm not going to buy it."

THE ALCHEMIST, amid his alembics and retorts, fell asleep, and before his eyes came a vision. He saw a man, with a dirty face and an oil furnace, soldering pipes. The man spake, saying:

"Twelve hours, at sixty cents an hour, seven dollars and twenty cents."

As he dreamed, the alchemist smiled. In the vision he saw his wildest hopes realized.



A FEEBLE GLIMMER.

JACK.—Did you notice when the plate came around whether old Bonder "let his light so shine before men?"

TOM.—He did;—but it was "a dim religious light."



## MY LILY.

**M**Y LOVE is like the lily,  
So beautiful, so fair;  
She bears herself so daintily,  
With such a queenly air.

But, as I am a poor man,  
To love her is a sin.  
Alas! the lily toils not,  
Neither does she spin.

E. E. L.

## THE TOILERS' VICTORY.

FIRM AS the rock stood the silent factory. Firm and grim as the threatening headland of a Winter coast, black, chill and forbidding, while the mutterings of the angry strikers beat against it as the futile waves assault the irresponsive cliff. The men had been "out" for three weeks, and Want had shown his haggard face through many windows of once happy, though humble homes. Still the men stood firm. Their leader had told them they were fighting for a principle, and they were of the good old Puritan stock that dares death but knows not defeat.

As the sighing of the wintry wind is mingled with the deeper mutterings of the storm, so the wails of the women made a plaintive minor to the bass growls and execrations of the men.

The workmen had assembled to day, to hear the result of the conference between the purse-proud plutocrat who held in his hand their destinies, and their noble leader, the walking delegate, who had fought their battle so bravely, and had cheered them with words of hope, when it had otherwise seemed that hope had forever fled.

Suddenly a mighty roar arose, and the mass of men surged forward. The carriage of the mill-owner had arrived, bearing on its velvet cushions the plutocrat himself. With him rode the pride of the people — the walking delegate.

"Ah, there's the boy!" shouted an honest old Irishman. "Sure, it is him that can hold his head up with any big-bug in the land."

The owner and the delegate dismounted from the luxurious carriage and made their way to the door of the factory, and entered. In another moment they appeared at an upper window. The delegate stretched out his hand, and his \$500 diamond glinted in the sunshine like a ray of hope. A solemn hush fell on the crowd. Then he spoke:

"Boys," said he, "we've made a winnin'."

The hoarse cheers of the men and the joyous screams of women rent the air. After the tumult had subsided, the people's partisan continued:

"Dey ain't goin' to raise wages, boys, 'cause we can't afford it. But I've squared it dis fur. De boss's daughter, she's goin' to marry me an' take me into de firm. See?"

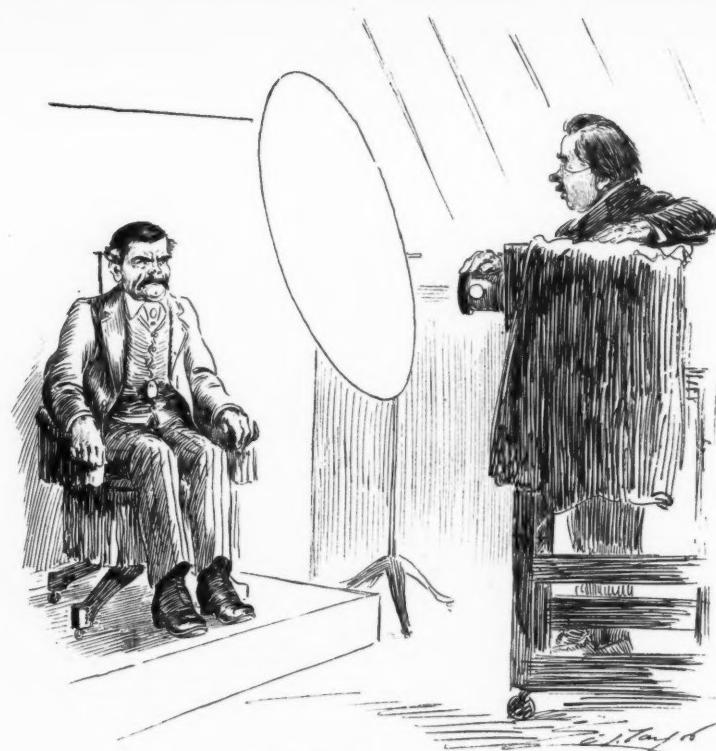
The great doors were thrown open wide, and with three cheers for their leader who had fought so well, the men filed into the building, and again the hum of industry gladdened the air.

Robley D. Stevenson.

## HEAR! HEAR!

**G**OODUN.—Deacon Icyclasp is a very cold and unsympathetic man, but still he is a good Christian.

**B**ADUN.—Yes. A Christian of the kind that should be taken down below to be thawed out before being allowed in heaven.



## NOT HIS STYLE.

PHOTOGRAPHER.—Look pleasant, please.

VICTIM.—Not much! My friends would n't know me. I'm a ticket-seller at a railroad station.



## APPEARANCES ARE SOMETIMES DECEITFUL.

**M**ISS INNIT.—There, Mother, look! Never say anything against that Hardy Upton again. See him generously giving alms to that poor old woman.



HARDY UPTON.—Yes; I know I owe you for four weeks' laundry; but I can't pay you any more than this twenty-five cents on account; and that's all about it. See?

## FELLOW-SUFFERERS.

FIRST THIN MAN.—What makes you so thin, friend?

SECOND THIN MAN.—Why, I'm a jockey! — been training to win races. What makes *you* so thin?

FIRST THIN MAN.—Well, I've been betting that you would win!



## DUTY'S CALL.

In his heart love and duty struggled for the mastery. "Mathilde," he protested, "I feel that it is not right for us to sit here with the lights burning low."

"François," she bitterly rejoined, "you are too blamed nice for me!"

They parted forever; but he was sustained by the thought of the ease of conscience that would be his, when, upon the morrow, he must report for work at the office of the Consolidated Gas Company.

## A POOR JOB, THOUGH!

TEACHER.—Johnny Tuff boy, can you give me an example of a self-made man?

JOHNNY.—Yes 'm; Mrs. Lease, of Kansas.

## AT THE POPULIST PICNIC.

COL. WINDBAGGER (*the orator of the day*).—And, ladies and gentlemen, I further charge the Shylocks and Gold-bugs of New York with having deliberately —

ALKALI IKE (*in the audience*).—Whoop! Hi-yip! hi-yah! Sock it to 'em, Kernel! Hooraw!

COL. WINDBAGGER (*to the CHAIRMAN*).—Can not that man be either silenced or removed? This is the fifth time he has interrupted me with his yells. He is inebriated, and ought to be taken in charge by an officer.

CHAIRMAN.—You are mistaken. He cheers, but does not inebriate. That is Alkali Ike, the committee on applause.

## WOMEN AND THE SUNDAY PAPER.

Marriages first, then Births and Deaths,  
Their feminine thoughts engage;  
And they always read the dry-goods ad's,  
And never "The Woman's Page."

R. L. McC.



## DESPERATE, BUT NOT DANGEROUS.

WILD-EYED STRANGER.—I'll shoot him; —he's got to die! Show me one of your biggest pistols, quick!

SALESMAN (*aside, to boy*).—Run for an officer, lively!

WILD-EYED STRANGER.—Hold on! — I'm speaking of that tom-cat in the yard next to mine. He has n't given me a wink of sleep in a week!

## PUCK.

## FAR, FAR AWAY!

POLITICUS.—I thoroughly believe that we are about to enter into an era of pure politics.

CYNICUS.—Not much! Why, the Irish race will not become extinct for years and years yet!

## MOURNING.

The writers of songs keep the world in a stew,  
And our poor souls with torture they rack;  
Now, the coming of "Two Little Girls in Blue"  
Has put all the Nation in black.

H. S. Nut.



## TOUCHED HIS HEART.

BURGLAR (*sternly*).—Where's yer husband?

WOMAN (*trembling*).—Under the bed!

BURGLAR.—Then I won't take nothing. It's bad enough to have such a husband, without being robbed, too.

## THE GEM OF THE EVENING.

BRIGGS.—I understand you are to speak at the Grand Army banquet.

GRIGGS.—Yes.

BRIGGS.—I hope you have hit upon a proper and patriotic military sentiment.

BRIGGS.—I have: "The Old Guard Dies, but Never Surrenders its Pensions."

## A NOTABLE CIRCUMSTANCE.

"What's the news?"

"No railroad accident this morning."

## THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER.

"All flesh is grass!" shouted the minister.

"Keep off the grass," prayed the girl who had a perfect horror of getting fat.

## A JAPANESE OPINION.

I asked a gay chrysanthemum  
What made her flourish so;  
She answered, looking frolicsome,  
"I get such lots of show!"



## MISCONCEPTION OF DUTY.

"Jarley got left on his foreign appointment, I hear."

"Yes. He wanted to be Minister to Chili; and when he was asked what experience he had had, he said he'd conducted family prayers all his life."

THE SILVER lining has been torn out of the late financial cloud.



**UNCLE SAM'S DISMAL SWAMP.**

IT WILL HAVE TO BE DRAINED TO GET RID OF THE NOXIOUS MIASMAS THAT ARISE FROM IT.

PUCK.



## PUCK.



A DREADFUL FATE.

READE.—See that old fellow going over there? He was buried alive for thirty years.

WRIGHT.—(with deep interest).—Ah! The victim of some great wrong?

READE.—Oh, no; he was a custodian in the Astor Library for that length of time.

IT'S A queer thing that when a man loses his head, he is likely to talk through his hat.

## WORKS BOTH WAYS.

LAWYER.—You remember when I charged you five hundred dollars for services in that case I won for you, you said I ought to throw off about half for the fame I got out of it?

CLIENT.—Just so.

LAWYER.—Well, I've lost your last case, and I think I'll have to charge you fifteen hundred dollars for damaged reputation.

## IT WAS N'T NECESSARY.

PEAWICK.—So, poor Mr. Meekly has really married the Widow Bouncer. How did he ever pluck up the courage to do it?

SINNICK.—He did n't have to. It seems he could n't pluck up the courage not to do it.

## ASTONISHING.

DE BROKE (*pompously*).—Speaking of the overpowering effects of large amounts of money on the lower classes, I showed a fifty-dollar bill to a Chinaman the other day, and he nearly fainted.

DE WITT.—So would any one else who knew you.

## WITHOUT FAIL.

JIMLY.—Self-made men are seldom pious.

BIMLY.—You are certainly mistaken. A self-made man always venerates his creator.

## THE GABBLE-TREE.

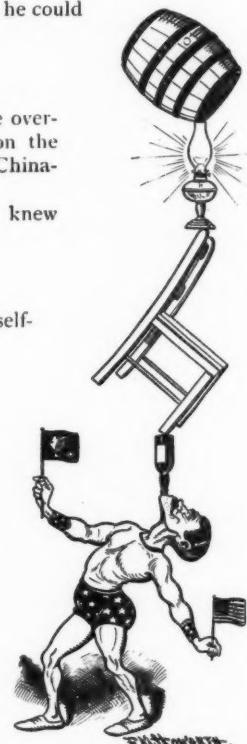
(To Master E—g—e F—d.)

THE GABBLE-TREE soareth in Wishy-Wash land,  
Sing Wow! for the grinding machine!

And various o'er-be-versed babies demand  
That down in the depths of oblivion's tureen  
To never more float and no more be seen,  
May be plunged all this colicky truck — understand?  
For infants don't care, if the darlings are wise,  
For poems all dotted with capital I's!

So cut it off short, and cut it off close;  
Just cut it off short with a snickersnee keen,  
Before the poor infants grow glum and morose —  
Sing Wow! For the grinding machine!

Robley D. Stevenson.



"STEADY WORK."

IT IS generally the poor left hand that knoweth  
not what the right hand doeth. There does n't seem to be a square  
ambidexterity in the world of morals.

## HE HAD BEEN THERE BEFORE.



AMATOOR.—I hear you are going on a gunning trip to-morrow, Breech. Would you mind if I went along with you? I have a great desire to learn how to gun. I never shot off a fire-arm in my life.

BREECH (*resignedly*).—All right, Amatoor; meet me at the station to-morrow morning at half-past six.



(The next morning.)

AMATOOR.—Heavens, Breech! I did n't know it was going to be a masquerade affair.

BREECH.—It is n't. This is the costume I always wear when I take novices out gunning.

## A CRUEL JEST.

**T**EENDERLY THEY brought the girl from the scenes of mid-summer gayety and laid her in her mother's arms. Weeping hysterically, the maiden buried her face in the sheltering bosom. "Cruel, cruel!" she moaned. Maternal love divined the truth. "Some one has been trifling with my darling's heart." A tempest of sobs convulsed the tender breast. "My daughter, tell me all." A soothing hand pressed the throbbing brow. "A b-b-b-brute — boo, hoo! — oh, Mama!" "Speak, child." "—wrote a m-m-m-man's n-n-name on the r-r-reg — boo, hoo! — register. Oo-o-o-oo!"

## PUNCH JOKES: SERIES OF '93.

"Hullo, Hotey!" said Burnand to Gilbert. "Why do you call me Hotey?" asked Gilbert. "Because you are a Don Qui (Donkey)," said Burnand.

IT IS all right to scrape an acquaintance; but don't bleed him.

PEOPLE WHO fish for compliments often have their whole tackle carried away.



## WELL-EARNED REST.

LADY (to POLITE LABORER who has offered her his seat).— Oh, no! Keep your seat, my good man; you have been working hard all day. POLITE LABORER (sympathetically).— Take it, Ma'am. Thru, Oi've bin carryin' th' hod all th' day; but you've bin shoppin'.

## PRETTY NEARLY RIGHT.

TEACHER.— What is a millionaire? TOMMY.— One man in a million.

## UNACQUAINTED.

"I simply dote on Horace!" Said the Boston maid; — "don't *you*?" And the maiden from Chicago, Wondering, queried, "Horace *who*?"

## A DEMURRER.

"Miss Griggs is the picture of health; is n't she?" "Well — um — yes. But I don't think it is well painted."

SECRET SOCIETIES have charms that are especially attractive to the man who likes to make a gaudy display on his watch-chain.

MUCH OF the stuff called "conversation" had best be kept out of the reach of the garbage collector.

## CONVENIENT.

MOTHER.— Why, Ivy! What have you done with the doll's eyes?

Ivy.— Took them out, Mama; so she could n't see that she had to sleep in a dark room.

SHE FELL in a moment of weakness;  
What voice is there to accuse?  
She rose at once, and under her breath  
She bemoaned her high-heeled shoes.



## THE ACME OF BLISS.

FRAYED FAGIN.— Yes; der Judge sint me up to der Work House for six months. When I gits dere I would n't work, and den dey put me in a strait-jacket.

DUSTY RHODES (sympathetically).— Dat muster bin tough.

FRAYED FAGIN (enthusiastically).— Tough? Not much! Why, say, Dusty; a feller could n't move in one o' dem strait-jackets if he wanted to!

In these days of progress, the **BEST** is just good enough for a buyer who pays his honest Dollars.

Among Pianos the **BEST** is the  
139—155 E. 14th St.,  
New York,  
337 Wabash Avenue,  
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1108 Olive Street,  
St. Louis,  
208—314 Post Street,  
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**SOHMER**



WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK.

### Lather

the cool—soft—creamy sort,  
the kind that never dries on the face—  
never crusts—never draws or smarts—  
That's the kind produced by

### WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK.

It costs no more than other kinds, but it  
gives vastly more comfort.

Sold at all good Drug Stores for 25c.

The J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.,  
Proprietors famous "YANKEE" Shaving Soap.



THE coloring so frequently seen in Calisaya, sometimes natural, oftener artificial, has no medicinal action or properties.

### Calisaya La Rilla

is bright, clear and palatable, and richer in the best principles of the bark than any other.

### EXTRACT OF BEEF

As a medical comfort and stimulant. The Medical Profession recommends highly the use of

### Liebig COMPANY'S Extract

In all cases of weakness and digestive disorder. Try a cup when exhausted and see how refreshing it is.

This is a facsimile of Justinus von Liebig on the jar.

BE SURE AND GET THE GENUINE.

### Rae's Lucca Oil GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY PURE BY

LEGHORN, ITALY.

*S. Rae*

The Perfection  
of Olive Oil.

Established 1836.

#### A SUGGESTION.

MRS. SLINGSBY (*to DAVID*, who has narrowly missed a wicked-looking Arab).—You bad boy! I'll teach you to throw stones at people!

DAVID.—All right; let's see you try to hit that man with the sideboards in front of the Turkish Theatre.—*World's Fair Puck*.

#### ANOTHER FACE ON THE MATTER.

MRS. BUNTING.—Don't you think it is perfectly awful to boil lobsters alive?

MR. BUNTING.—Do you know how many animalculæ you boil to death in the water with which you make your coffee?—*World's Fair Puck*.

No buffet should be without a bottle of Angostura Bitters, the South American appetizer. Manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. Ask your druggist.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

### A Better Cocktail at Home THAN IS SERVED OVER ANY BAR IN THE WORLD.

### The Club Cocktails

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HOLLAND CIN, TOM CIN and VERMOUTH

We guarantee these Cocktails to be made of absolutely pure and well matured liquors, and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world; being compounded in accurate proportions, they will always be found of uniform quality, and, blending thoroughly, are superior to those mixed as wanted.

We prefer you should buy of your dealer. If he does not keep them we will send a selection of four bottles, prepaid, for \$6.00.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Prop's.  
39 BROADWAY, N. Y., HARTFORD, CONN., and 20 PICCADILLY, W. LONDON, ENGL.

For Sale by all Druggists and Dealers.



#### SUPERSTITIOUS.

NELLY.—Clara is awfully superstitious.

PAULINE.—What makes you think so?

NELLY.—Why, since she became engaged to Charley Black she is bleaching her brunette hair to blonde. Charley is a brunette, and she says only opposites should marry.

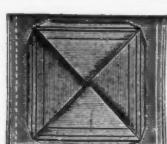
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WEST VIRGINIA  
MAIL POUCH.**

**REFORM  
IN  
TOBACCO**  
For CHEWING and SMOKING

NO MYSTERIOUS COMPOUNDS TO CHEW OR STEMS TO SMOKE.

**ANTI-NERVOUS  
-DYSPEPTIC**

**BLOCH, BRO'S.  
WEST VIRGINIA MAIL POUCH  
TOBACCO  
CHEWING & SMOKING**



Just what you have been looking for.

#### Unique Pat. Combination Bill Fold and Coin Purse.

Separate places for coin, bills and car tickets, independent of each other; flexibility; lightness; No metal parts to get out of order or wear the pocket. Ask your dealer for it, or I will send sample at following prices:

No. 11 holds \$4.00 in silver, 10 notes & car tickets,	\$0.75	\$1.50	\$2.00
" 16 " \$6.00 "	20 "	.75	1.50
" 18 " \$9.00 "	12 "	.85	1.65
" 12½ " \$10.00 "	20 "	1.00	2.00

JAMES S. TOPHAM. (Sole Manufacturer).  
1231 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.

PAT. JAN. 29, '92.  
Please mention PUCK.

Makes a very acceptable present to a Gentleman or Lady.

**SHIELD  
Yourself against all  
Impurities  
of the SKIN  
By USING  
JOHNSON'S  
WHITE ROSE  
Glycerine Soap.  
DELICACY  
OF PERFUME  
NO ROSIN.  
U. S. Agents'  
MÜHLENS & KROPP, N.Y.**

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### RAMBLER BICYCLES

For various points of excellence, the  
HIGHEST AWARD ON BICYCLES.

All about RAMBLERS in our fine Catalogue.  
Free at all Rambler Agencies, or sent  
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**"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX"**  
**BEECHAM'S PILLS**  
TASTELESS-EFFECTUAL  
FOR A  
DISORDERED LIVER

Taken as directed these famous Pills will  
prove marvellous restoratives to all enfeebled  
by the above or kindred diseases.

#### 25 Cents a Box,

but generally recognized in England and, in  
fact throughout the world to be "worth a  
guinea" for the reason that they  
will cure a wide range of complaints,  
and that they have saved to many sufferers not merely one but many guineas, in  
doctors' bills.

Covered with a Tasteless & Soluble Coating.  
Of all druggists. Price 25 cents a box.  
New York Depot, 365 Canal St.



WE HAVE  
the most comprehensive  
stock of Fall and Winter  
Woollens ever shown  
under one roof. We  
Have the best equipped  
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We Have a thorough  
knowledge of all the In's  
and Out's of Tailoring  
—our experience of over  
quarter century has  
taught us that your  
Order is safe in our  
hands.

Call and leave it.

Samples mailed to non-residents.

*Nicoll*  
The Tailor.

145 & 146  
Bowery  
New York.

#### AT THE CAVE-DWELLERS.

VISITOR (*from Kansas*).—How long ago did these here people live?  
GUIDE.—Probably three thousand years.

VISITOR.—Gee whiz! Did n't think they had cyclones in those days.—*World's Fair Puck*.

ELD  
not all  
SKIN  
By Using  
WHITE ROSE  
Glycerine Soap,  
DELICACY PERFECTION  
CO. ROSIN.  
Agents,  
& KROPP, N.Y.

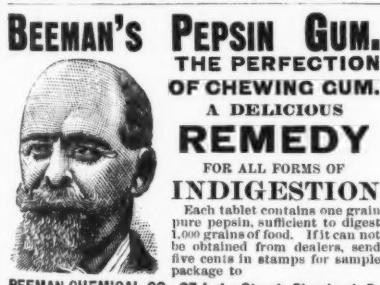
# Good morning Have you used PEARS' SOAP?



IF YOU ARE A Pipe Smoker



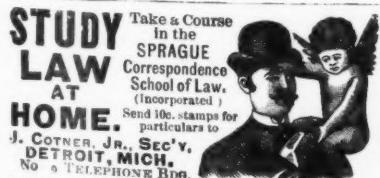
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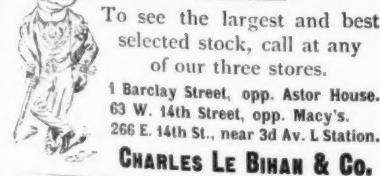
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## TIPS AMONG RACES.

JOE.—I got a valuable tip a while ago.

ELI.—Where?

JOE.—At the Ostrich exhibit in Midway.—*World's Fair Puck*.

A BALL MATCH—Matching for Drinks.—*World's Fair Puck*.

## A Novelty

to some people who are not at present familiar with its value, but our friends have been using it for 30 years and regard the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk as a household necessity. Sold by Grocers and Druggists.

It need scarcely be said

That a cold in the head

Is a thing one should certainly stop.

And a hint of the way

Its progress to stay

These lines are intended to drop.

That which follows below  
Is intended to show

The remedy which you should buy.  
If you should find yourself sneezing,

Hoarse, coughing or wheezing,

It is just what you always should try.

Whitman's Jujube for Singers and Public Speakers is delicious. Won't hurt appetite or digestion. Keeps the throat moist and the voice clear. Sold everywhere and forwarded to any address on receipt of 25 cents. Mailed by S. F. Whitman & Son, 1316 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

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Parisian Perfumes.  
AMARYLLIS DU JAPON, HELENIA, HELIOPHARIA.  
SAMPLE VIAL BY MAIL, 15 CENTS.  
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**Antwerp** TRADE MARK  
BEST AWARD WORLDS FAIR  
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To reduce stock we offer prices that are wanted positive inducements even in these times.  
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The easiest and best garter ever worn. Always clean, always the same tension. Ask your dealer for them, or send to  
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THE rolling joke gathers lots of moss.—*World's Fair Puck*.

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Extract, Toilet Water, Soap, etc.  
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For Sale at Park & Tilfords and all Leading Houses.

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HOBSON.—What did your fiancée say when you told her you were dead broke?

DOBSON (sadly).—She said she was fond of consistency in all things; so she broke the engagement.

## ADORN YOUR HOME

with our artistic Diaphanies,

(COLORED TRANSPARENT GLASS PICTURES)

Most magnificent decoration for Windows, Transoms, Skylights, Door-Panels of Hotels, Churches, Private Residences and all places where Art Glass is used.

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A Specific against Dyspepsia,  
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You leave New York at 3 P.M., arrive at Chicago next morning at 10; returning, leave Chicago at 2 P.M., arrive in New York next morning at 11:15; this gives you a business day in Chicago, and returns you the third day in time for business in New York, practically making the trip in two nights. This can only be done by the Exposition Flyer of the New York Central — fastest long-distance train in the world — another justification for the title, "America's Greatest Railroad."

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WHEN the bank breaks, the religion of some folks all goes with it. — *Ram's Horn.*

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For steady nerves and good sleep use  
Bromo-Seltzer. Contains no Anti-Pyrine.

AN OLD NICK NAME  
— Satan. — *World's Fair Puck.*

GOLD will put a gilt edge on nearly everything. — *Atchison Globe.*



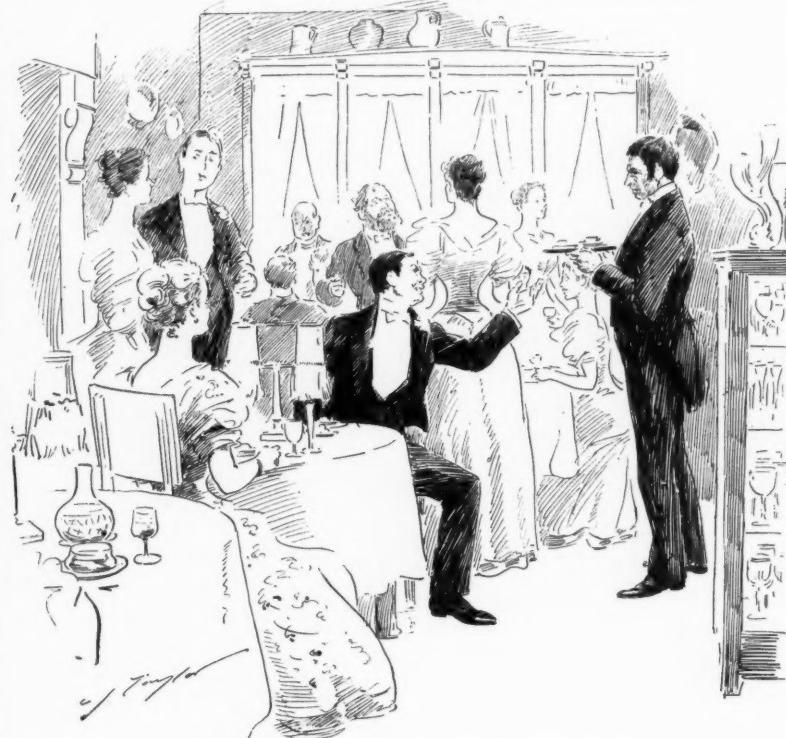
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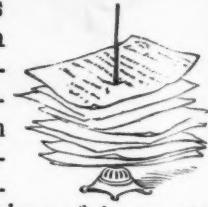


AT MRS. VAN ASTOR'S RECEPTION.

ETHEL.—What did the Count mean by shouting out "draw one," when I asked him to get me a cup of coffee? He has n't got over his confusion yet.  
JACK BROWNSTON.—Oh, the Count is eccentric, that's all! (Aside.) I can't give the poor devil away.

**Wine of the Aristocracy.**  
Theophile Roederer & Co.'s celebrated Red Label Champagne, extra dry and Brut, Maison fondée en 1804, preferred by connoisseurs for thirty years. T. W. Stemmler & Co., Union Square, New York, Sole Agents.

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takes the lead.  
Highest Award, Diploma and Medal, Columbian Exposition.



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of Scott's Emulsion is contained in letters from the medical profession speaking of its gratifying results in their practice.

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**GRAND FIRST PRIZE**  
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ON ACCOUNT OF EXCELLENCE IN EVERY RESPECT.

Highest score in quality and absolute purity.....	45 Points
" " Hop and Malt Flavor.....	20 "
" " Brilliancy.....	15 "
Commercial Importance of Brewery.....	20 "
	100 Points

RYME AND REASON.

Each day fulle menney a redd haired maid

Her way thro' the gates dothe winne,

Yet never a one these words hatha sayed —

" Which way is the Whyte Horse Inne?"

— *World's Fair Puck.*

**OPIUM** Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured.  
DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

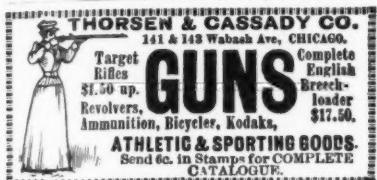
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HEATERS  
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Marvelous  
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**S E S T A L I T**

The only  
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Send for Catalogue.

**U.S. FUEL CO., Ltd.,**  
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ESTABLISHED SINCE 1888.



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BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

America's Favorite TEN-CENT CIGAR. For Sale by first-class Dealers Everywhere.

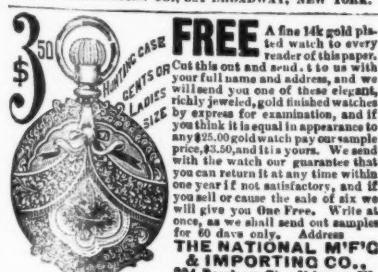


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Silks, Satins, Velvets.  
White Moire Antique, White Satin, White Brocade and White Cords, for Wedding Gowns.  
LATEST STYLES AND TISSUES for Bridesmaids' Dresses.  
Colored Satin, Satin Barré, Moire Miroir, Moire Antique, Moire Français, Satin Duchesse, CRÉPES, CRÉPONS, Grenadines, Gazes.

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THE DAY OF THE MINSTREL — To Buy PUCK Every Week.

SEND MONEY BY REGISTERED MAIL.



Exact Size.

## Marry Your Trouser

AM to the TRADE MARK.  
**CHESTER** and they will be comfortably supported as long as they live.

THE "CHESTER" is a suspender with an idea, viz.—enough stretch, all in the right place, and in enduring form. Our graduated elastic cord ends make it the most comfortable and serviceable suspender in the world; moreover, neat, light, and elegant. Sample pair mailed for 50 cents. We also make the well-known "Century." Ask for "Chester" suspenders. See the graduated elastic cord. CHESTER SUSPENDER CO., No. 4 DECATUR AVE., ROXBURY, MASS.

### A REASON WHY.

TEACHER.—Can any little boy tell me why St. Peter is always at the gate? JOHNNY FERGUSON.—I reckon he's a-layin' fer dose fellies w'at robbed him ter Paul!

### SHE HAD PARTICIPATED.

PATTIE PRETTIE.—Did you see the torture dance? It was dreadful! VERA PLANE (*stolidly*).—I was the odd girl once at a Newport hop, and sat through six waltzes.

OSTRICH'S feather their owner's nest.

After a night with the boys  
Yours for a clear head—Bromo-Seltzer.

"TALKING SHOP"  
—Telephone. Central.

## KODAKS

Success in Picture taking depends most of all upon the lens. A defective lens will spoil the picture every time.

Kodaks have the Best Lenses. That's one reason why they are such successful picture takers.

### TRANSPARENT FILM.

NOTICE: Every package of film is now dated and customers can thus make sure of getting fresh film when purchasing.

Careful tests show that our new film retains its sensitiveness as well as glass plates.

Our film does not tear or frill.

**EASTMAN KODAK CO.,**  
Send for Catalogue.  
Rochester, N. Y.

IT IS an easy thing to make an angel of a woman, for the time being, by telling her she is one.

## W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE

For Gentlemen.

Best Caif Shoe in the World for the Price.

W. L. Douglas' name and price is stamped on the bottom before they leave the factory to protect you against high prices. Dealers who make the price on unmarked shoes to suit themselves, charge from \$4 to \$5 for shoes of the same quality as W. L. Douglas \$3.00 shoe. If you wish to get the best shoes in quality for your money it will pay you to examine W. L. Douglas Shoes when next in need. Sent by mail, Postage Free, when shoe dealers cannot supply you. Send for catalogue with full instructions how to order by mail.

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## YOUNGSTERS

Being PUCK'S Best Things About the Juvenile Jumble.

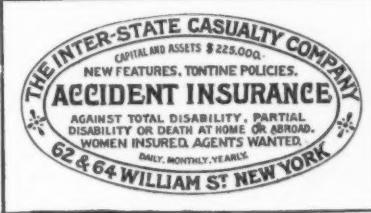
10 CENTS. ALL DEALERS.  
10 CENTS. ALL DEALERS.  
10 CENTS. ALL DEALERS.  
10 CENTS. ALL DEALERS.



AIRING HER FRENCH.

COUNT D'ARDENNES (*taking leave of the millionaire's daughter*).—We part, mademoiselle, but I trust not forever. —

MISS HORTENSE LA GERBIER (*of Milwaukee*, graciously).—No, Count; not forever; let us say as you would in France, "avoirdupois."



## A SOUVENIR OF THE FAIR.

In response to numerous inquiries from our friends, we have decided to bind up a limited number of copies of the immensely popular WORLD'S FAIR PUCK, thus rendering permanent what has been laughed at and smiled over by the millions of visitors to the Fair.

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Address,  
Publishers of PUCK, New York.

ARGUMENT is only a wordy effort to make the biggest throw of the dice. If you can do that, the other fellow, of course, is wrong.

20th Edition, postpaid for 25c. or stamps.

**THE HUMAN HAIR,**  
Why it Falls Off, Turns Grey, and the Remedy.  
By Prof. HARLEY PARKER, F. R. A. S.  
D. K. LONG & CO., 1013 Arch St., Philada., Pa.  
"Every one should read this little book."—ATHENAEUM.

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is printed in THE TOURIST, Utica, N. Y.  
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HERR BRAUWURST (*at the Anarchist meeting*).—Main frenzys, shall ve toil unt staff, while der monopolists who oppress us ride in luxurious idleness in deir magnificent coaches? Down mit dem!

NOT A HAPPY EXAMPLE.

But it was n't quite so bad as Herr Brauwurst described it.